## KHALIL KHAYAT THE SYRIAN POET OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

From the Cedar Groves of Fair Lebanon He Comes to Us by Way of Beirut.

LION AMONG THE LADIES

ICHARD COEUR DE LION, neeting the great Saladin at Damascus, challenged him to mortal combat. In the preliminaries Richard, with one blow of his broadsword, cleft a Saracen horseman in two. Saladin, being an infidel, selected an inanimate object upon which to demonstrate his skill. Taking a shawl, he threw it into the air, and as it fell to the ground he neatly halved it. Then the warriors fell to, but neither could best the other, and so Khalil Khayat wrote a poem about it.

Khalil waited some seven centuries be-

fore paying his tribute to the combatants, but then he made up for his failure to be at the ringside by the masterly man- You are safe in assuming that his name ner in which he handled a matter of so will be Joseph or Simon or John or much importance to the sporting world. Matthew, because, although he has all Even to-day he is making up for lost the well known physical characteristics time by turning out odes to all heroes of of the Semitic race his ancestors were all ages, from Saladin to "Bwano Tum- the earliest Christians. Be prepared to be," and right here in New York city.

How could be have escaped being a want to see the poet, who you are and poet? He was born in Syria, where the soft spoken Arabian language drops naturally into metre and into rhyme. Every day he saw the pligrims leaving for Palestine and Calling. In his worth he hard tine and Galilee. In his youth he heard or a narghela you will get your informathe war songs of the Maronite Christians tion. as they marched away to give battle to Three flights up a dark stairway, which

It was much nicer for them to hear that He is not at home. Neither is he at the the "Illies in your cheeks embrace the lawyer's office or at the newspaper, of roses" than, as in our prosaic tongue "how which there are ten in New York pubpretty you are to-night;" much more ro- lished in Arabic. a mantic to know that "the rays of electricity are in love with you" than to be the poet? Where but at the cafe, precourtiers leave. In triumph you carry told that you are the adored one of a mere siding over his own little court. You off the lion.

Cyrano for a young Englishman, who had started out to be a globe trotter, but stayed at Beirut when he caught sight of a pair of very dark eyes belonging to an Armenian lady. She, imperious beauty, would only be woosed after the fashion of the Peast. In this pileture of the women of Nazaveth carry, was and the fashion picture of the women of Nazaveth carry.

"This, a girl, whom all the wise love best, Who conquere all the daughters of the

No wonder then, for from the heart

Is my flame whence excellence,

Inoscledge and soisdom come." But he didn't win the lady. When she becoming humility, and go in search of his Cyrano. And so he lost, and in revenge he afterward is blushing to his temples.

He may even tell you some of the secrets of the cosmetic manufacturer, who is supplied by the master, and in revenge he afterward is blushing to his temples.

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You are back again in the cafe. The lions were stricken by terror whenever they met him.

If you wish to see the poet go down say they are Syrian." into Little Syrla, in Rector street, lower Your visit has broken up the poet's Venetian laces stop in the midst of stock "Yes, you are like a Syrian young lady," Washington or West street. Ask the corner, stopped the flow of wisdom at its taking to chat with him. Even the banker says the poet to the young woman in your

their mortal enemies, the Druses, that may cause you to look back several fierce nomadic nation scattered over the times, the poet lives. You will have a Anti-Lebanon. At times he sat in the sufficient envoy of small boys, tradesmen famous cedar groves of Mount Lebanon and cafe owners to prevent the possibiland dangled his feet in the Nahr al Kalb. Ity of mistake, for the whole quarter Nahr al Kalb-what a mystery of Ara-knows and honors Khalil Khayat. The bian nights the words suggest! Isn't it a yellow flame from a single gas jet sends shock to learn that in English they mean its flickering light down the hallway of the second floor, causing shadows to And when Khalil was a young blood at dance in and out. Every door has a life the University of Beirut Oriental ladies sized padlock securely fastened on the were quite as romantic as they are to-day, outside. There is one on the poet's door,

enter a large room on the second floor of You too go down into the street, where The Beirut student once played a building in Rector street. In one cor- the sidewalks are too narrow to accomm of the East. In his plight the Briton picture of the women of Nazareth, carry- ways are the fashion in the district. of the East. In his plight the Briton sought out his friend. On the spot the poet composed the following lines, which were to force the capitulation:—

You open a door. The Arabian Nights implication is place of honor is the poet, smoking his where the buzz of modern electric management.

> inches in height, he is a trifle stooped; heaps of bright colored silks. his hair is gray and short, his eyes are The poet brushes past a door marked rather sharp; he rubs his hands in front "Positively no admittance." He is of of him and his whole attitude is one of the privileged few who may safely disre-

steed the confused Britisher could only to find it out. He hasn't been out in so- chine which turns out more Turkish cigarmutter, "Bah Jove, what comes next?" ciety, you know. You suggest a little ettes in five minutes than a dozen deft and go in search of his Cyrano. And "diversion Edmund Russell." The poet fingered Syrian girls could roll in a day.

He may aren tell you some of the secrets.

are given down here where we live people Wherever he goes the poet is always the Turkish pastry made with walnuts They were, therefore, never steady in their



narghile and occasionally dispensing bits chinery is the first sound you hear. Seated of wisdom to the eager listeners.

about the room are twenty dark eyed West,
West,
Whose tender voice delights us when she

He rises to greet you. He does not look Syrian maids busily cutting and making at all like a lion. Scarcely five feet nine kimonos, while on the floor are great

gard such notices. You are in the cigarcountered in verse of her own and expected to be carried off on a coal black habits, and it doesn't take many minutes cigarette, fresh from the American ma-

welcome. Busy importers of Irish and and sugar. proprietor of the first shop you see where source. The chair at the head of the leaves his desk and draws up his chair party, and that is the highest compliment table, always reserved for the uncrowned for a little friendly confab. It isn't every he can pay her.

"The American young ladies are very excellent young ladies, yes, and very lever," and the black eyes twinkle. Once," he continues, "I said to one of them, 'Miss Edith, you are like a queen to-night.' 'Yes,' she said, 'and my crown is on my tooth."

"I will recite you some of my poetry in the Arabian language." There is a moment's pause.

He begins. Dreamily and with eyes only half open, he drifts naturally into that delightful chant of the East. You think of Palestine, the olive orchards, the deserts. You can hear the babble of Bagdad. The tone changes. In your imagination you picture the clash of armies, the dashing Arabian horsemen, the fierce onslaught of the Janissaries, the-

But what do you suppose Khalil Khayat was saying? Here is a literal translation of his poem without attempting to preserve the metre :-

T. ROOSEVELT.
Thou wert not lifted, through inheritance, Like kings who find succession in dynasty; deeds.

Is man becomes superior by excellent en-

fight.

The lion rushes at its enemy as quick as lightning And never before returned from a fight but

victorious. Its two eyes are as bright as Sirius, Its claws are as sharp as javelins, And its tusks are as brilliant as arrows; Thou hast out him off by thy sword.

The victories which thou hast achieved at San Juan

son of Barca: Like a thunderbolt, thou hast fallen upon the enemy

"Detective came on the dead run from The Japanese and the Russians were reconciled.

shed. When they accepted guidance for error Peace was made under the shadow of the United States.

the ramparts. What was that disturbance at the Out-

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LIFE IN LITTLE SYRIA

'there is one man who dominates. Roose velt is the greatest man of this age. He is another Napoleon, and if this were another country he would do as Napoleon

"Yes, Napoleon must have had Syrian blood. Corsica was settled by the Phoenicians, you know, and the Phoenicians were the first Syrians. Hannibal also was Syrian. Roosevelt is like them both. but"-half regretfully-"I don't think he is Syrian."

On the street below the lamplighter is making his rounds. The shopkeepers are bolting their doors. The sidewalks are crowded with girls hurrying homeward. Your coffee cups are emptied. The live coal on the top of the narghile is almost burnt. You rise to go. You open the street door as you plunge into the teeth of No, it wasn't that. Perhaps it was "Nature Faker?" Wrong again. Ab, yes, at last we have it. It

"Naharek said," he calls after you, and that in English is—" "bong' jour."

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## The New Profession--- Caring for Fido.

EW YORK has a brand new profession whose membership is increasing at an astonishing ratio. In this day of two rooms and a kitchenette he has become a household necessity. He even flourishes in the "duplex" of Riverside Drive and the mansions of Fifth avenue. He is governess and nurse and companion to that all important member of the family-His Majesty King Fide I.

At two o'clock the parade starts up Eighty-sixth street. You will see all kinds and varieties of "doggie" start on the afternoon promeusde-fat, wheezing, asthmatic pugs, shivering, biccoughing Mexican bairless dogs and endless numbers of Boston bull terriers, in newly knitted red sweaters and some with shoes. Eighty-sixth street seems to have become a sort of open air nursery for them just as Broadway from 135th street to 119th is for the babies. They take the nurses out on the end of a leash or chain and enjoy the air for about an hour.

The nurses are both men and womensome of them in uniform. Occasionally among them will be found a husband who no longer dares resist and who may be noticed taking half glances to the side and going blocks out of the way in order to avoid an acquaintance. It's more embarrassing than being caught

with the baby carriage. One able bedied citizen was escorting a tiny specimen down the street, said specimen's tongue hanging out of one

corner of its mouth. Somebody's darling?" he was asked. He looked rather sheepish, grinned and answered, "Yep, get fifty cents a day for

"Wouldn't it be worth while kidnap-

him up. He snuggled down in the man's any one who happened along." arm and was soon snoring most unpleas-



ping it?"

He looked serious for a minute. "The "You see, I heard about this job from said the attendant. "Well, anyway I got missus would raise ruction," he said, the hallboy at the L-," he explained, the job. I had to show up next day at "She'd probably offer a good reward to "and I went around to see about it. The two o'clock and take Voltaire for his get it back. But no," he said finally, "it lady asked for references. I told her I walk. Back in the house by three o'clock. wouldn't be worth while. This is a steady had none but the hallboy. She looked a Voltaire must have his broth-soup, you job, and I couldn't afford to take a bit doubtful. Wanted to know if I under- understand-before he goes to bed. stood dogs. Said I had a purp of my own "The cook makes the broth, but I had

A quiet corner was found. "Doggie" that managed to scout pretty well for him- to learn to make it in case the cook ever made a signal to be taken up. Obediently self. She said I had a good face, but then left or was sick. 'Get beef for beef tea, the able bodied one stooped and picked she was afraid to trust her Voltaire to place in jar, put jar in hot water, let it boil until the juice comes out of the meat," he repeated mechanically. "Her Voltaire purp's name, you know," "Anything ever happen to Voltaire?"

"Sure," he laughed; "funmest thing ever happened. Voltaire couldn't be Are like unto the brilliant victories of the found anywhere. His own little white bed was all ready for him, but there was no 'doggie.' Missus was all het up. I almost got fired. Then she telephoned And cast him to the earth by thy might, to police headquarters. to police headquarters.

headquarters. It seemed the missus was so worked up that she couldn't make 'em After each had led his armies to the batunderstand what was the matter. They thought the baby had been kidnapped by Where the blood of innocent heroes was blackhanders or burglars were in the

"The Missus just cried all over him. Told him that unless he found her own precious Voltaire she wouldn't be able to sleep that night. I wish you could 'a seen Thou hast plunged into the mighty sea the cop's face when he found out she was talkin' about a dog. He advised her to Just as when on land thou didst storm

"And, sure enough, that's where we found Voltaire. Gee whiz, but he was havin' the time of his aristocratic life playin' with them common dogs from the street. When we got him home he had to be washed with green soap before we put him to bed. And then the doctor had to look him over to see that he hadn't got any disease. To tell you the truth, I think he never had as good a time before or

The nurse jumped up. "So long," he eried, "It's time for Voltaire to have his

"Pretty bum job, that of yours." "Oh, I don't know," he answered, "fifty at a Subway Express Station

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